

**The Domain of Woman.**

TALKS BY "TERESA."

MONDAY, June 21.—One never realizes the twenty-four hours so vividly as when one is traveling perpetually. They seem then to spread themselves out and become, not twenty-four but two hundred. A night in the train, especially when one cannot afford the luxury of a "sleeper," is not usually the most comfortable method of obtaining the "sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." One is apt to drop many a stitch that the whole of the next day is expended in a fruitless attempt to pick them up again.

But of all methods of travelling, commend me to that of the American and Canadian vestibular train. The comforts and conveniences are so many and great as to completely counterbalance the one thing that which Europeans are apt to grumble—the shortness of the seats. Myself I do not consider that any drawback to comfortable repose, for if one can secure a couple of seats to oneself, one can really rest very well.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the very acme of perfection as regards comfort. I have travelled on many roads and I unhesitatingly give the palm to Canada's premier railroad in the matter of elegance of fittings combined with solid comfort, courteous employees and minute time-keeping. The first class cars are equal to Pullmans, and anyone obliged to travel all night in one of them need fear neither discomfort nor inconvenience. I don't wish to be understood as running other lines down; I simply state facts connected with the Canadian Pacific, as they have struck me during a long journey comparatively long that is to one accustomed to the short distances in the old country.

We are quite full at first, soon after leaving Toronto; it is the day after the memorable Jubilee Day, and visitors are returning to their homes.

It is still early in the evening, and we sit about or talk or read, there being plenty of light for the latter occupation; we feel as though we should not want any sleep. But an hour or two passes, several ladies with escorts have had supper served, and many who are travelling alone have exchanged refreshments from the ever welcome lunch basket. Some of us have retired to our sleepers, but the majority are making themselves comfortable in the car, a matter of no great difficulty if one is provided with a rug or something wherewith to make a pillow, the spacious, high-backed and well-upholstered seats making quite a comfortable couch.

The night wears on; we rise unsteadily at intervals and make frantic attempts to walk in a dignified manner down the corridor, grabbing at the backs of seats, and occasionally, in the case of elderly ladies, nearly sitting down suddenly in somebody's lap.

Gradually Morpheus takes possession of the car and the occupants sink into slumber in various uncomfortable and ungraceful attitudes. Towards three o'clock the first faint streaks of dawn become visible, and as it gets lighter and the landscape comes into view we find ourselves among the neat homesteads and well-tilled farm lands of French Canada.

Everywhere the effect of the recent unseasonable weather is to be seen in the backwardness of the crops.

What struck me particularly was the exceeding barrenness of the pasture; it seemed scarcely possible in some cases for the animals to obtain even enough to eat, much less enough to fatten them. I should think this country would furnish splendid arable land. It is undoubtedly the best in the world for growing grain.

The labor of clearing must be enormous, the thick woods and dense undergrowth offering every obstacle that a skilled woodsman can overcome; while the nearer we approach the hilly districts, the more story does the ground become, and the work of clearing and tilling it is proportionately greater.

Perhaps the next invention of science will be a great styte run by electricity, with which trees can be mowed down like grain.

Arriving at Montreal one has either to wait some time for a train or else cross the city to Dalhousie Square and take the Quebec express. A Windsor street car with transfer to Notre Dame takes one to Dalhousie Square for 5 cents; the cab fares are not cheap, though the vehicles are fairly good. By far the best way for travellers who are not going with a pilgrimage is to take the night express from Toronto to Montreal and from thence the morning train to Quebec, arriving in the latter place early in the afternoon.

From Quebec the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway runs trains daily to St. Anne's. On leaving the Q. P. R. station at Quebec, turn to the left and go straight down towards the river; just across the Q. P. R. track on that side is the station of the Q. M. & C. railway; fare to St. Anne's 40c; time of journey one hour.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, Que., June 25. This is indeed a lovely place. Every thing seems to breathe in the atmosphere of holiness and peace, from the great Basilica towering majestically at the foot of the hills, to the little cottages and picturesque convent clinging to the grassy slopes and shaded by tall bowers of greenery that crown their lofty sum-

mits. Truly a place to live in and in which to die. The plan of God seems to have plotted it out for a special purpose of those blessings and graces which seem to abound so marvellously in such favored spots as this.

The view from the balcony of the convent is superb. The wide stretch of river to the further shore is beyond far as the eye can reach is a vast expanse of landscape. To the left, several miles away, rise the Ste. Anne Mountains, a part of the Laurentian range, while on the right the town spreads picturesquely on the side of the hill, and below it glitters the gulf roof and towers of the Basilica.

Words fail me in describing the beauty and grandeur of the interior of the church.

The present Church of Ste. Anne de Beauve was opened for public worship in 1870 and created a Basilica by the Pope in 1887. Externally it is a magnificent building with towers 165 feet high.

The original church built in 1678 threatening to fall into ruin was taken down and replaced by the present one with materials on the original site, which is on the side of the hill opposite the Basilica.

Entering the Basilica the first thing that attracts attention is the beautiful crucifix standing in the center of the nave, and bearing in her arms the infant Virgin. The face of the statue is one of exquisite sweetness and compassion, as though the saint were looking down in pity upon the sick and afflicted people kneeling at her feet and beseeching her aid. The base of the pedestal upon which the statue stands is ornamented that is truly the correct word for it with various instruments of torture and bandages that have been left by people who have undergone cruel and torturing punishments. I felt that there need really be no sickness or pain in the world, and would not be, were it not for our want of faith? If each one of us had but the perfect faith that believes without question in the healing power of God, our ailments and afflictions would immediately disappear, as did that of the woman who touched the garment of Christ, and also by her faith touched His sacred heart. The lame, the maimed, the halt and the blind come to this shrine to St. Anne, hoping that she will procure their cure. Many of them go away as they came, and why? They had faith, truly, but it was a doubting faith, if one may use such an expression. They hope to be cured; that is not enough; there is absolutely nothing to be done but the complete restoration of any one thing, that is, except the want of proper and sufficient faith. Did Our Divine Lord while He was on earth ever refuse to cure anyone who came to Him? Never, and He never refused to cure any of His asks of us is faith, absolute and perfect faith. But very few people have it. That is their own fault; they do not pray enough for it; faith comes by prayer; we must all pray. I'd I believe, help them to pray, and to do this, help me to do this, the saints, the haunting doubts, the darts of the evil one, that are ever darting through the mind and throwing a dimness over the bright surface of the shield of faith.

Pray for faith, poor sufferers; pray not for your cure; God will cure you. He is ready and willing; ask Him for the faith that works miracles; He will give it. He is not discouraged but persevering; God tries all things patiently more than all.

As I sat at that the Sacred Heart of Jesus once beat upon earth, and overflowed with love and compassion for the suffering, so truly is that Heart beating now in Heaven. It is the same. It cannot change; it is as ready now to relieve sickness and misery as it was nearly 1900 years ago. Only believe and pray.

TERESA.

**Obituary.**

MR. MICHAEL FLANNAGAN, KINGSTON.

It is with deep regret we record the death of one of Kingston's foremost Catholic citizens, Mr. Michael Flanagan, city clerk. Mr. Flanagan had reached his 74th year. He has been affected for some years with locomotor ataxia. He fought bravely for a long time against it, but a week ago began to show signs of dissolution, and then through exhaustion and without any pain he passed peacefully away on Monday, 21st, the eve of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Mr. Flanagan was born on September 28th, 1823, at Elphin, county Roscommon, Ireland, the son of Laughlin Flanagan and Margaret Murray. His father died while he was young. He was well educated.

In 1841 he emigrated to Canada, and arrived in Kingston about a week after Lord Sydenham. A few weeks later he entered the office of Charles Stuart, barrister-at-law and registrar of the county. At that time the city and county were combined for registration purposes.

Mr. Flanagan's industry and taste as a penman attracted Francis Manning Hill, another lawyer, and one of the foremost public men of his day. He induced Mr. Stuart to transfer to Mr. Flanagan a fictitious bill, and on the 1st June, 1848, five days before the corner stone of the public building was laid, he entered upon the discharge of his newer duties.

After Mr. Hill resigned the city clerkship Mr. Flanagan succeeded. This was in 1845.

The incorporation of Kingston as a city occurred in 1846, and Mr. Flanagan, previously on the 11th of April, 1845, made clerk was confirmed in that position in accordance with the provisions of Baldwin's new municipal act.

He acted under all mayors which Kingston ever had, save one, the late Mr. Cassidy. In 1871 his portrait, painted by that excellent artist, Mr. Sawyer, at the call and expense of the citizens generally, was presented to him.

He gratefully accepted it, to be sure, and handed it over to the chairman of city property committee, and by the latter it was hung over the entrance in the city hall.

In 1895 his worth and his services were appreciated at their true value by his fellow citizens, and attested by their presentation to him of a purse containing \$600.

The city clerk was married in 1846 to Mary Sarah, second daughter of Dr. Boyd, of the royal navy. Of his eleven children nine are living. His eldest son, a most promising young man, died in New York at the age of nineteen, and although that event happened years ago, Mr. Flanagan never ceased to lament it.

Mr. Flanagan was a devout Catholic, as a public man he was of fine address. No man had such knowledge of municipal matters, and withal he was attentive and courteous, and the bear-idea of a public official. As a citizen he was a model. R.I.P.

**The Papal Delegate.**

At the jubilee banquet in Montreal, Mr. Morry del Val, who was an honored guest, made the following after dinner speech: "Mr. Mayor, Your Honor and Gentlemen,—I had no idea when I entered this hall that I should be called upon to address these distinguished guests. You will understand my embarrassment in having to succeed such eloquent speakers as have preceded me, and especially such eloquent speakers as His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. You will allow me, in the briefest terms, to acknowledge my appreciation of the favor extended to me, for I consider it a great favor to be allowed to unite with the citizens of Montreal in celebrating Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. I can fully endorse what His Honor has said as to the special regard that exists between Her Majesty and His Holiness. It was my privilege to attend the first Jubilee as the Papal representative to London. I carried away with me the recollection of what I had to tell Her Majesty from His Holiness and the reply that I was charged to convey from Her Majesty. They corresponded perfectly. When we left Her Majesty's presence we carried with us the impression that Her Majesty would like to celebrate her diamond jubilee. At any rate I sincerely hoped so and so it has come. I hope the Envoy now in London may carry away the same impression and that Her Majesty may be long preserved to the love of her subjects. Of one thing I am certain and that is that the Envoy will carry away that hope and wish.

"With regard to my presence here, I can say that my presence in Canada has no reason but that mentioned by His Honor. I have not come here to interfere with any of the liberties that exist in this country or to enter into matters that do not lie in my province. If I did so I should be playing false to the one whom I represent. I think that anyone who comes to speak of peace must be welcome. It was the first word that I uttered in Canada and I hope it will be the last. I think that if by my presence here, directly or indirectly, I have been able to conciliate any section of the community or the community at large, I think every right-minded man in Canada will turn with some special regard and gratitude towards the illustrious Pontiff, whose great mind and heart have won for him the regard of all nations both in the old and new world.

"I will conclude by expressing my gratitude for the kindness I have received here from men of both parties and different interests; one and all I have been able to admire. My sympathies are divided among all equally. I carry away with me the pleasant remembrance and best of all those which I have acquired in Montreal. One thing I can assure you, whatever my friendships may be worth, I offer you that. Every Canadian, French or English, will ever find in me a true and devoted friend."

Blood-purifiers, though gradual, are radical in their effect. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is intended as a medicine only and not a stimulant, excitant, or beverage. Immediate results may be no always followed by use; but after a reasonable time, permanent benefit is certain to be realized.

He who hates his neighbor hates himself.

A sunbeam in the heart is bound to light the face.

Out out the love of self like an autumn lotus, with thy hand.

No man treats Christ well who treats his neighbor wrong.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.—Goethe.

**FATHER KNEIPP.**

Made Famous by a Treatise He Devoted for Himself.

Father Kneipp, of Wertshofen, whose death was announced last week, was a most interesting personage. When he was a schoolboy his life was despaired of because of an apparently defective constitution, and he was warned that he would not see thirty years. He lived long past that mark—three score and ten. He was born at Wertshofen on May 17, 1821. He worked as a weaver after leaving school until the age of 27, when he began to study medicine and theology, having long desired to become a priest. He was sickly and he undertook to cure himself. It is said that in a delirious fever one day in winter he roused from his room and thrust his feet through the thin ice of a pond and, instead of becoming wet, found himself much better for the shock, and so began systematic experiments along the line this experience suggested. He made himself well, was admitted to orders and went to the village of Wertshofen, in Bavaria, where for thirty years he lived as his practices had shown him the way to live with hope of health, and during this time he earned the love and praises of his neighbors, villagers and the mountain folk, whom he cured of diseases or bodily distress by the cold water treatment he had invented for himself. He then wrote a book, "My Water Cure," and his fame, which had been local, spread over the world. Once he was hailed before the Landgericht on a charge of practicing medicine without a license. He asked whether it was not every one's duty to seek to relieve persons whom the physicians gave up. The Judge inquired sarcastically whether the father would undertake to relieve him of the rheumatism. The priest said he would. The Judge was cured and Father Kneipp was never again molested.

Barefoot walking became the best known feature of the peculiar system introduced by Father Kneipp, but the priest, as a matter of fact, did not countenance the fantastic extremes to which some of his patients carried his prescriptions. His belief was that most ills were the result of the luxury of modern living, and his aim was to eliminate acrid humors of the blood and tone up the organism. Faulty circulation, he thought, was at the bottom of the trouble and by improving the circulation he calculated to effect a cure. To bring out whatever was to come he made use of local bathing and applications, together with steam baths, sometimes medicating these, but with herbs only. To stimulate and restore the circulation he ordered the barefoot walking and cold douches. He made it a point to see his patients himself, giving all his time to this work, except such as was occupied by his devotions and pastoral work, and he did all for nothing. Contributions from relieved patients he used for parish work.

For a long time there were no accommodations for the throngs of visitors at the village. Some had to use tents. A Rittschild was obliged to domicile himself in the parlor car that brought him to the place. Father Kneipp was by no means contented himself with ordering water for his patients, but directed them as to their daily habits, prescribed a simple regimen, laid prohibitions and not many of them, and prohibited alcohol. It was not to be wondered at that with the admixture of hygiene, faith and common sense, which made up his system of treatment, great numbers of distressed people were restored by him to a normal condition.

It is related that when two Russians with the beads of the patriarchs and hair like bushman's came to him, he posted off a messenger the first thing for the village barber, and when the priest from the North came wearing five pairs of drawers, the father ordered two pairs of them off at once, and within a week had divested his patient of two more of them.

In recognition of his work the Pope bestowed upon Father Kneipp an honorary office, that of Camerling, carry with it the title of monsignor. In 1894 the Monsignor was called to Rome to treat an obstinate ailment of the Pontiff, an outgrowth of some stomach disorder, and it was announced after some time that by his treatment the Pope's health had been restored.

Father Kneipp's followers carried his treatment and principles to foreign countries, and Kneipp societies were established in various cities in France some journals were set afoot to disseminate his ideals and the records of successes, one of the papers attaining to a circulation of 25,000. Last year a society was instituted in New York, the disciples of the priest obtaining permission to use part of the Central Park lawn.

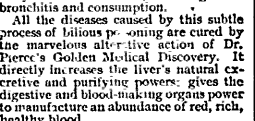
**A Child Violinist.**

The London correspondent of The Dublin Freeman writes: "Miss Maude MacCarthy, the child violinist, though born in Australia, is of Irish origin. She is without doubt the most extraordinary child who is now before the public, and what is more, her gifts do not seem to lie merely in the direction of exceptional brilliancy. Her technique is at present not so astonishing as the higher qualities of her playing. For a girl in a short

brook to play a Brahms sonata is no wonder in any case, but when one hears her play it with complete appreciation of its meaning, admirable, pleasing, and expressive—in fact giving an excellent reading—in the strictest sense, criticism must be dumb, senior Aristotle in training Miss MacCarthy at the Royal College of Music, deserves great honor for his skilful supervision of her studies. His Lisson, I understand, claims no more than that. He says Miss MacCarthy requires no teaching in the ordinary sense of the term, and her playing is not that of merely a well-taught prodigy, but bears the stamp of individuality. When her tone has grown stronger—it is already remarkably sweet and sympathetic—she will be a dangerous rival to the best of the older players. One can only hope that she will not be overtrained or hurried on."

**DRINKING POISON.**

Many a man who would be started at the thought of spring down a village, or for thirty years he lived as his practices had shown him the way to live with hope of health, and during this time he earned the love and praises of his neighbors, villagers and the mountain folk, whom he cured of diseases or bodily distress by the cold water treatment he had invented for himself. He then wrote a book, "My Water Cure," and his fame, which had been local, spread over the world. Once he was hailed before the Landgericht on a charge of practicing medicine without a license. He asked whether it was not every one's duty to seek to relieve persons whom the physicians gave up. The Judge inquired sarcastically whether the father would undertake to relieve him of the rheumatism. The priest said he would. The Judge was cured and Father Kneipp was never again molested.



loaded with morbid secretions which eat away the delicate tissues, and bring about bronchitis and consumption.

All the diseases caused by this subtle process of bilious poisoning are cured by the marvelous all-true action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which directly increases the liver's natural excretive and purifying powers; gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to manufacture an abundance of red, rich, healthy blood.

It drives out all impurities, and vitalizes the circulation with the life-giving elements which restore perfect nutrition and solid and sound muscles. It makes fresh, pure, rich blood. It brings back appetite and nerve force and good healthy flesh. No matter how far gone people seem to be, if there is anything left to live on, the "Golden Medical Discovery" will build you up again.

"In August 1895, was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pain in my stomach and under my bowels, became very nervous and said to myself there is no use taking medicine, nothing can cure this. One day a friend of mine told me what a cure he had performed on a child who had a bad disorder of the blood or something to that effect. I was skeptical at first and said it would not do me any good. At last one morning I woke up and found a beating pulsation in my neck, front and back. In three days I had four bottles situated on my neck that I could not turn either way. Then I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine together with Dr. Pierce's Pellets, did wonders for me.

After the first three bottles it was no new thing for folks to say: 'Hello, Ed, I didn't know you.' or 'Say, Davis, what's become of those pimples you used to have?' I took about ten bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

It would save doctor bills for any family that have a copy of Dr. Pierce's splendid thousand-page free book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," explaining the laws of life and health in clear and interesting language, with many valuable suggestions and receipts for curing common ailments by simple home-treatment. It has over three hundred illustrations and colored plates. A strong paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y. A handsome cloth-bound beautifully stamped copy will be sent for 50 stamps.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO. Estimates furnished. Telephone 3598.

W. H. ROYCE & CO. SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Prices the lowest. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 226 Yonge St., Toronto.

**WESTERN Assurance Company**

INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PREMIERS: G. A. COE, Pres.; J. J. KENNY, Vice-President. DIRECTORS: Hon. R. C. Wood, Geo. H. McLaughlin, J. H. Ball, Wm. R. Beatty, Esq., W. R. Brock, Esq., Geo. H. McLaughlin, Esq., J. R. Brock, Esq., Wm. R. Beatty, Esq., J. J. Kenny, Esq., G. O. Foster, Esq., SOLICITORS.

Members: McCarthy, O'Leary, Heaton and Greenham. Insurance effected at lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hulls, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of the sea. On cargo risks with the Maritime Provinces, by all steamers. On Cargoes by steamer to British Ports.

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

**THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co.**

OFFERS THE Best Plans and Rates And the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable.

For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager. HON. G. W. ROSS, President.

**THE Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario Limited**

HEAD OFFICE—Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO. ISSUES MORE ATTRACTIVE AND LIBERAL POLICIES. FAVORABLE TO DESIRABLE RESULTS. Vacancies for good, reliable Agents.

E. MARSHALL, Secretary. E. F. CLARKE, Manag. Director.

**The Promotion of Thrift and Industry IS WHAT The York County Loan and Savings Co. IS DOING.**

It has an army of thirty thousand systematic savers. It embraces the whole family, men, women and children. It loans upon homes on the sinking fund plan.

LITERATURE FREE. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President. Conf. Life Building, Toronto.

**BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS**

TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTELS.

**RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.**

**F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER,**

Telephone 1884. 546 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

**J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer**

359 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 676.

**MONUMENTS D. MCINTOSH & SONS, 524 YONGE STREET.**

**F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Dealers of Monuments, Toronto, Mississauga, Oakville, Hamilton, Brantford, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Scarsdale. All kinds of Cemetery Work, Marble and Granite Tiling, Etc. For 21 years in the City of Toronto and Lombard streets, New York.**